

Maggie always knew by [MyLungsHaveGoodIntentions](#)

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Summary:

It was obvious to her what was going on.

Maggie always knew

Maggie Tozier always had a feeling her son was gay. Growing up as a child he never spoke of which girls he found cute in class or even which actresses he found attractive on TV. Sure, she had overheard him countless times with his friends talking vulgarly about women, but it always seemed suspicious to her. Wentworth and her had once overheard him with his friends in their basement talking about how he'd "totally fuck Phoebe Cates any day of the week" which maybe should have repulsed her as her son was only 13 when she heard this. Wentworth told her it was normal for young boys to speak this way and even grinned and mentioned what good taste his son had. For christmas, one of his gifts he received from his old man was a slightly risqué poster of Phoebe to hang in his room. "You can thank me later" he winked nudging Richie with his elbow, almost as if 'i get it' from one man to another. The poster was shoved into Richies closet that night and never unrolled again.

That same week during one of the losers winter break sleepovers hosted at the Tozier household, Maggie made the group some popcorn to eat while watching a scary movie. As she brought the bowl into the room, she noticed how Richies eyes never trailed away from the screen of Johnny Depp in Nightmare on Elm Street. He was pictured on the television wearing a belly shirt and sweats, Richie gazing at him with more concentration then needed to follow along with a movie.

The following year, Maggie started to notice a change in how her son treated one of his friends. Eddie Kaspbrak was friends with her son for years and quite frankly, he was her favorite friend of the bunch. Though she still overheard her now 14 year old child talking about women in a way she wished he wouldnt, she also heard the way he would talk to Eddie. It was different compared to how he talked to Stanley Uris or Bill Denbrough. She would hear little things come from his mouth like "you're adorable, Eds" or "Eddie you know you have my heart." She had witnessed Richie grabbing the other boys cheek, squeezing softly and cooing "cute, cute, cute" with a huge grin, watching Eddie get flustered yet blushing slightly.

When Beverly Marsh started hanging around with the boys, Wentworth was convinced she came over so often due to some secret relationship between her and Richie. They hung out plenty, sometimes alone in the Tozier basement but Maggie never batted an eye. In fact, she found herself more concerned about him and Eddie being alone them him and Beverly. More times then not, when the group of friends all got together they would dwindle home one by one, always leaving Eddie and Richie alone.

“Did you ever give Richie the talk?” Maggie asked nonchalantly to Wentworth one day. She was knitting while he sat comfortably in front of the TV.

“He knows the deal” Wentworth commented, keeping his eyes glued to the screen in front of him.

“Went, I’m serious. Did you have the talk with Richie or not?” She asked annoyed at her husbands lack of focus on their conversation.

“Maggie, our kids not an idiot.” He answered also annoyed, more so because she was interrupting his program. “He knows to use a condom and not to knock a girl up. I think we oughta be more concerned about weather Allen Marsh gave his girl the talk.”

She nodded, having some peace of mind that he in fact had some sort of talk with Richie. Whatever may have been said.

As Richie got older, Maggie was aware of his relationship with Eddie. Even if she wasn’t supposed to be. They were only 15, probably too young to know if this wass really what they wanted, but still she didnt intervene. She noticed the touches, the stares, had even found notes in the pocket of Richies jeans once or twice before washing them. Small notes that said things like “Love you” or “Date tonight?”. Even though Richie tried his best to keep everything from Maggie, it’s inevitable that mothers know everything.

At age 17, things between Richie and Eddie were still the same. Maggie watched the way Richie glowed as he spent time with the other boy. Hell, even just talking on the phone he was nothing but smiles. Until one day he wasnt.

Derry was a small town and word traveled fast of Sonia Kaspbraks sudden decision to move. "Tomorrow her and that boy of hers are headed to New York to stay with her sister. Shes been sickly, that women. Sonias headed there to care for her." Maggie overheard it while shopping at the grocery store and her heart skipped a beat. All she could think of was her son. She got in line with the little food she had already placed in her cart. She immediately headed home after only to find her son wasnt home. She didnt see him all day, nor did he come home for dinner. She was beginning to think the worse, worrying herself more then she thought necessary. Then again, she had no idea where her child was.

She picked up the phone dialing the first number she could think of.

"Uris residence."

"Hey, Andrea? Its Maggie."

"Oh Maggie darling how are you?"

"I'm not too great, actually. I was wondering if I could speak with Stanley for a moment?"

"Is everything ok?"

"I'm just not quite sure where Richie is. I'm curious if maybe Stanley has heard from him."

"Just a second, dear." Mrs Uris yelled for Stanley, clearly covering the bottom of the phone with her hand to muffle the noise. Movement echo'd through the microphone.

"Hello?" Stanley spoke.

"Hi, Stanley. Its Mrs. Tozier. Listen, have you heard from Richie at all since school today?"

He didnt answer for a moment. The voice of Andrea Uris whispering "answer her, Stanley" rang in as background noise.

"We all skipped." Stan admitted.

“Excuse me?” Andrea yelled.

“Eddies moving tomorrow.” Stan stated to defend himself to his mother. “We all wanted to spend his last day here with him.”

“How is Richie handling it?” Maggie asked. She wasnt sure how Stan would respond or even what Stan knew, but it was worth a shot.

“He uh— not that great. Were all not doing so great but Eddie and Richie— They dont know how to be without each other i dont think.”

Maggie tightened her lips into a thin line and closed her eyes. Hearing the way Stan phrased it pained her. “Do you know where they are right now?”

“He told me him and Eddie were headed to your house, Mrs. Tozier. I dont know anything else.”

“Thats ok, sweetie. If you hear from him can you please give me a call. No matter the hour.”

“Yes, m’am.”

“Thank you.” Maggie muttered before hanging up the phone. Just as she picked up the phone to dial another number she heard a thump from the second floor. She placed the phone back down once more running to the staircase. “Richie?” She yelled before darting up the steps. She flung his bedroom door open without knocking and a sigh of relief flew through her, followed by her heart dropping. She was relieved to see her son home all in one piece, but then it hit her that he had been crying. Quite a lot by the looks of it. Eddie was also there in no better condition. They were sitting on the bed, both looking up at Maggie as she barged in.

“Hi Mrs. Tozier.” Eddie spoke softly.

“Eddie.” She answered trying to summon some kind of smile upon her own face.

“Eddies moving tomorrow.” Richie spoke through tears, turning his face away from his mother.

"I heard kiddo." She took a place on the bed beside them, both scooting over a little to give her more room. "Your Aunt is sick?" She asked directing her attention to Eddie. He nodded in response. "I'm sorry to hear that." Eddie once again nodded as a response.

"You know you're more then welcome to stay here whenever you want."

"My mom—" Eddie started but had to stop to clear his throat. "My mom would never let me."

"Fuck your mom." Richie mumbled.

"Hey!" Maggie yelled narrowing her eyes. "Don't speak like that."

"Why not? Shes taking Eddie away!" Richie exclaimed.

"I know but that doesn't mean you talk about another adult that way."

Eddie closed his eyes tight trying his best to stop tears from falling but failed. Richie wrapped his arm around Eddies shoulders, pulling him closer. Eddie rested his head on Richies shoulder while Richie mumbled "It'll be ok, Eds. We'll be 18 soon and then Sonia doesn't have a say in where you live."

"What if you stay here?" Maggie asked. "At least until high school is finished."

"We tried asking that already." Eddie said defeated.

"Eddie! You should run away! Then when shes out of town she'll have no idea you're living here." Richie popped up as if it was the most logical thing and why didnt they think of that yet?

"I cant do that, Chee.. Mom'll just call the cops. It'll make things worse."

Maggie didnt know what to say. She watched her son kiss the top of Eddies head and look down at him. It tore her heart apart. Tears began to fall through his eyelashes once more, the room silent except for the sound of their breathing. Richie reached for Eddies hand with

his own free hand and clasped them together. “I love you.” He whispered placing another kiss to the other boy’s head. “I’ll wait for you, Eds”

“Promise?” Eddie whispered back.

Richie nodded. “Yea. Just promise you’ll come back for me.”

“I will Rich.” He mumbled back

Maggie stood up and walked out of this room covering her mouth. She hadn’t noticed but she began to cry herself. This situation was out of her control.

Richie stayed at Eddie’s that night, though Sonia had no knowledge. Early that morning, Richie kissed Eddie goodbye for the last time. He snuck out of the house, joining the other losers who were waiting outside to say their final goodbyes.

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“Promise me you’ll call right when you get there.”

“I will.” Eddie said before hugging him. Once he got in the car and pulled off, Richie felt numb. He hopped on his bike, ignoring everyone else’s calls and he raced home.

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Maggie was sitting on the couch knitting when Richie walked through the front door. He didn’t try to hide his tears from her like he did the night before. “He’s gone.” He said before Maggie wrapped him in a hug. Richie broke down, collapsing in her arms. It was the lowest he’d ever felt. There was just emptiness inside him, taking the spot where Eddie used to be. She kept him in her arms not letting go. “I love him and he’s gone.” Richie choked out between sobs.

“I know, baby.” Maggie answered moving her hand across his back in circles. They stayed like that for a while. His whole world crashing around him at just the age of 17. All Maggie could do was comfort him.

As the days went by, Richie waited for a phone call he never

received.